

Royal Shepherd.

AN

ENGLISH OPERA.

With ALTERATIONS.

As it is PERFORMED at the

THEATRE in Smock-Alley.



D U B L I N:

Printed and sold at the Theatre in Smock Alley.

Price a British Six-pence.



The A R G U M E N T.

AMONG the most celebrated Actions ascribed to *Alexander* the Great, may be well ranked, that of his delivering the Kingdom of *Sidon* from the Tyrant *Sirato*; and instead of taking the Dominion himself, restoring the Crown to the next lawful Heir; who, ignorant of his Pretensions to it, liv'd as a Shepherd in the Country near *Sidon*; of which a more particular Account may be found in *Quintus Curtius*. Book 4. Chap. 10.

The Superstructure of the Fable raised on this historical Foundation, will be seen in the Course of the Drama.

S C E N E.

The Country near where the *Macedonian* Army is encamped, and in Sight of the City of *Sidon*.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alexander, King of *Macedon*. Mr. *Peretti*.

Amintas, a Shepherd; who,
unknown to himself, is
Heir to the Crown of } Mr. *Tenducci*.
Sidon, in Love with *Eliza*.

Agenor, a Nobleman of *Sidon*; }
Friend to *Alexander*; in } Mr. *Wilder*.
Love with *Thamiris*.

Eliza, a noble young Lady }
of an ancient Family of } Sig. *Cremonini*.
Cadmus in *Phœnicia*, loves }
Amintas.

Thamiris, a fugitive Princess, }
Daughter to the late Ty- }
rant *Strato*, disguised in } Miss *Thomas*.
the Dress of a Shepherd- }
ess; loves *Agenor*.

Sidonian Nobles, Shepherds, &c.

THE
Royal Shepherd.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*An extensive Plain. Shepherds keeping their Flock,
Amistas is discovered near the Front of the Stage.*

A I R.

Amintas.

*W*E L L, I know, thou friendly Strain,
What thy gentle Murmurs mean.
In their Accents soft they say,
Wby does Eliza keep away?

Enter Eliza. Amistas, seeing her, throws down the musical Pipe, and goes to meet her.

Eliza. Amistas!

*Amin. Ah, fair Eliza! is it you I see?
Fond Idol of my Soul, what brings you here?*

Eliza. To seek you, dear *Amintas*, am I come.

Amin. Heav'n guard your Steps!

But, ah! reflect, *Eliza*,

That *Alexander's* hostile Camp is near;

And that the *Macedonian* Arms around

Spread Fear and Death—

Eliza. You wrong your Conqueror's Virtue.

Great *Alexander's* Army is our Guard:

Sidon, he from a Tyrant came to free,

Nor means his promis'd Liberty to cancel

By seizing on the Throne—He has refus'd it.

Amin. Who's then our King?

Eliza. Who but the lawfu! Heir?

Somewhere, 'tis thought, he secret lives unknown,

Inconscious of his Dignity.—

Amin. But where?

Eliza. Leave that to *Alexander*—But to us

Matters of more Import, I came to tell you.

At length, propitious to our Loves, my Mother

Seconds my Wishes, and from my kind Sire

Doubts not to gain Consent.

Amin. Ah me!

Eliza. Why heaves that Sigh?

Amin. O cruel Fates!

You, fair *Eliza*, high Extraction boast,

While I, alas! a Shepherd, know not mine—

Can you for me resign your noble State?

Or what have I to offer in Return,

Beside a scanty Flock and humble Cottage?

Eliza. Of Heav'n complain not: Wise it is and good;

Lavish of choicest Gifts: What though to thee

Purple and Gold it has deny'd? That Form,

Those Eyes of Love it gave, that modest Look,

And oh! that faithful Heart, that conquer'd mine!

Amin. My Life! my Light! my Soul!

What Joy supreme do Words like thine inspire?

Eliza. Soon, soon, no more

Shall we thus separate! but happy Days

Shall jointly bless us, still together found.

A. I. R.

Eliza. To the Wood, the Field, the Fountain,
 To the Lawn, the Dale, the Mountain,
 I my darling Flock will guide,
 With Amintas by my Side.

Humble though our Cottage be,
 Ever dwelling there we'll see
 Constancy with Pleasure join'd;
 Innocence with Peace of Mind.

[Exit.]

SCENE²

SCENE II.

Amintas solus.

Amin. Forgive, ye Gods, my Murmurs so unjust ;
For surely, if on Earth there's Happiness,
Amintas now is most completely blest.

Enter Alexander with a small Attendance, and Agenor.

Agen. (*softly to Alexander*) This is, great Sir, the Shepherd whom we seek.

Amin. While thus entranc'd in Joy, I my Flock forget—(*is going.*)

Alex. Turn hither, Stranger.

Amin. Sir, I attend your Pleasure.

Alex. A Moment of Discourse allow me, Youth ;
His Air how noble. (*aside to Agenor*) Your Name ?

Amin. Amintas.

Alex. And your Father's what ?

Amin. Alceus.

Alex. Lives he as yet ?

Amin. Alas ! five Years are past
Since he to Nature paid the Tribute due.

Alex. Say, what Inheritance bequeath'd he then ?

Amin. A Cot, a few Sheep, a small Extent of Land ;
But above all, a calm contented Heart.

Alex. Amidst the Dangers of surrounding Squadrons,
What can defend you ?

Amin. Fearless Poverty.

Alex. Thought's so exalted in such Breast surprize,
And charm me equally.—To *Alexander*
Let me conduct thee, Shepherd.

Amin. No.

Alex. Why not ?

Amin.

Amin. Me from my fleecy Care he may detain :
I am not worth his Notice ; he founds great Empires,
I till a little Field.

Alex. Yet Heav'n, perhaps,
May in a Moment change your Fate—

Amin. It may.
At present 'tis its Will that I'm a Shepherd.

A I R.

Amin. A Shepherd though I am, what then ?
That Shepherd's State so low
I'd not exchange for Rule o'er Men,
Or wish more great to grow.

But if, against my own Desire,
Heav'n should exalt my State,
Heav'n will exalted Thoughts inspire,
And fit me to be great.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Alexander, Agenor.

Agen. Great Sir, what say you now?

Alex. That Sidon's Heir lives in that Youth conceal'd;

'Tis then but ju't to yield him up
His Birth-right and his Throne.

A I R.

Alex. Thus a Cloud expanding wide
From the Earth the Sun may bide;
And, with Light'ning fraught around,
Menace the dry parched Ground.

"Till with wat'ry Vapours fill'd,
Forc'd at length its Stores to yield,
It dissipates in kindly Rain,
And fertilizes all the Plain.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Thamaris in the Dress of a Shepherdess, Agenor.

Tbam. Agenor!

Agen. What do I see? -- O Heav'n?

Tbamaris, Princess! can it then be you
In this Disguise?

Tbam. 'Tis to this Dress my Liberty I owe.

Agen. How have I wept, alas! and vainly sought you?
But where, *Tbamaris*, have you lain conceal'd?

Tbam. The fair *Eliza*, yet, has giv'n me Shelter's
And now I wait your Aid for my Escape.

Agen. Princess, by me be better council'd. Come
With me to *Alexander*.

Tbam. What! can I bear his Sight, who kill'd my
Father?

Agen. O much you wrong his Worth. Your Fa-
ther, proud,
Disdain'd to ask a Victor's Clemency;
By his own Sword he fell. Alas! you know not
Great *Alexander's* Mind.
Now I attend him.

Tbam. But e'er you go, O say, if in your Heart
Tbamiris holds her Place.

A I R.

Agen. Why ask me, Fairest, if I love?

Those Eyes so piercing bright
Can ev'ry Doubt of that remove,
Nor need you other Light.

Those Eyes full well do know my Heart,
And all its Workings see.

E'er since they play the Conqueror's Part,
And I no more was free.

[Exit:
SCENE

SCENE V.

Thamiris sola.

Thanks to the Gods! *Thamiris* still is blest,
What, tho' my Throne into a lonely Cottage
You've chang'd, and given me, for the Royal Purple,
This rustic Garb, my Lover's Heart you've left me.

A . I . R.

*The many dreadful Storms blown o'er
Already I've forgot,
My Lover's Looks the Calm restore,
And Peace is now my Lot.*

*What though awhile my Stars severe
My Quiet did annoy ;
My Heart that shudder'd then with Fear
Is flut'ring now with Joy.*

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Alexander and Agenor following in Procession by Royal Guards, and the Nobility of Sidon, bringing on Vessels of Gold, the Insignia of Royalty, the Mantle, Crown, Sceptre, &c. &c. &c.

A March.

Attend, *Agenor*, on our sov'reign Will.
Amintas' Virtues call him to the Throne,
The Gods by me confer it ; have him crown'd.
The Crown will take new Lustre from his Virtues,
By Heav'n ! it more delights my tow ring Soul,
To beckon modest Merit from the Shade,
And bless a Nation with his Royal Worth,
Than see *Darius* tumbling from his Throne,
And all his Asian Empire laid in Ruin.

SONG.

Ab, say, from whence arise,
Say ye, who know it best,
These tender heaving Sighs ;
These Tumults in my Breast :
This soft, consuming Flame,
That shrills through all my Frame.

[Exit.]

B

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Amintas and Eliza. Agenor runs to meet him.

Age. From me, the faithfulest of humble Slaves,
This first of Homages, great King, receive.

Amin. Why this to me?

Age. Great Sir,
Permit me thus to pay due Honours to you,
And let me, to yourself, yourself reveal;
No more *Amintas'* Name shall meet your Ear,
Heir and Successor to the Crown of *Sidon*!

Amin. Can this be true?

Age. Most true; your noble Father
Depos'd, committed to my Guardian Hand
Your princely Youth. It was his Will and Pleasure
That I to you your Birth should ne'er reveal,
Until the Gods in their own gracious Time
A Way should open for you to the Throne.
That fair Occasion *Alexander's* Goodness
Has offer'd to my Hopes.

Eliza. Transcendant Joy!

O Heavens! is *Amintas* then a King?

Amin. A King

Agen. A King; *Amintas*, *Alexander* waits
With his own Hand to crown you; and now sends
By me this Mark of Royalty. These are
Your Guards and Servants, come without Delay.

CHORUS.

*Let us in jocund Song resound
The good *Amintas'* happy Fate;
May such high Worth be ever crown'd,
And those as virtuous be as great.*

Agenor

Agenor solus. O 2

The Homage now his Right has prov'd,
To me he's ever dear;
Him whom a Shepherd much I lov'd,
A King I now revere.

2.
His Virtues call'd him to the Throne,
And Millions bless the Choice,
Great Alexander did alone
Confirm the Nation's Voice.

C H O R U S.

the End of the Chorus Agenor and the Nobility of Sidon form with the Shepherds a Procession, and go off in the same Order they entered.

B 2

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Amintas, Eliza and Guards, which remain to attend Amintas.

Eliza. Amintas, do I dream ? can this be real ?
Art thou indeed our King ? what can this mean ?

Amin. It means that Heav'n has bid us both be happy ;
That thou art Queen of Sidon ; and I am
Of all Mankind most blest ! Because thy Smile
Shall on my Throne reflect a brighter Lustre ;
Why droops my dearest Love ? alas you seem
To mourn my Fortune.

Eliza. Dear Amintas,
None at your Fortune can like me rejoice---
But ah ! the Hearts of Kings are not their own ;
Some high descended Princess may, ev'n now,
Require your Royal Hand.

Amin. No more, my Life, those tender Fears up-
braid me ; And were unkind, did they not spring from Love.

Eliza. My Heart ! O could you see how much it bounds for Joy ;
And yet---

Amin. Dearest Eliza, quiet these false Fears ;
And think not that the Soul of your Amintas
Can ever sacrifice his Love to Empire.

D U E T T O.

Eliza. Go reign—The Throne awaits my Love,
But oh, if that can be,
Preserve your Heart for me.

Amin. Though I should reign, I'll faithful prove ;
Yes, on the Throne you'll find
Your Shepherd ever kind.

Eliza. Shepherd ! My King you're now.

Amin. How cruel is your Fear ?

Both. { Ye Pow'rs, whom we revere,
To Love so pure some Favour shew.

End of the first ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Amintas *in his Royal Robes, with Attendants, in the Inside of one of Alexander's Tents, in his Camp.*

A I R.

Amin.

CO M E, ye Hours, with Joy replete,
Ob bear me to Eliza's Feet:
Cease ye feather'd Choirs your Strains,
Your cheerful Notes augment my Pains.
Come, ye Hours, &c. Da Capo.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Love, Jealousy and Care distract my Soul!
A thousand struggling Passions rend my Breast!
Imperial Toil, and disappointed Love.
Full fraught with Scorpions is my tortur'd Breast!
I cannot bear th' intolerable Load.
Give me Eliza, Gods! or let me die!
Banish'd her Sight, Life is protracted Pain;
Come, instant Death, and in thy frozen Arms,
Let me forget my Woes, and rest in Peace.

A I R.

Not on Beauty's transient Pleasure,
Which no real Toys import,
Nor on Heaps of lordid Treasure,
Did I fix my youthful Heart.

II.

Not Eliza's perfect Feature
Did the fickle Wand'rer bind;
Nor her Form, the Boast of Nature,
'Twas alone her spotless Mind.
Not on Beauties, &c.

[Exit with Attendants.

B. 3.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Alexander's Pavilion, and a distant Prospect of the Macedonian Camp, with Out-posts of Guards. Eliza leading Thamiris by the Hand, who follows timorously.

Eliza. Take better Heart---come on---consider well,
Your future Bliss depends on this Attempt.
If to Agenor now you don't impart
Your settled Purpose, it may be too late.

Tham. Alas ! of *Strato* am I not the Daughter !
And are not these the hostile Tents of *Macedon* ?
If I'm discover'd, Death I must expect --
Oh, let us fly !

Eliza. Resign vain Fears ! *Amintas* I pursue,
And Fear is now a Stranger to my Heart.

A I R.

Tim'rous Fair, no more Debate,
Resign thyself to Fate ;
Thy Passion quite disclaim,
Suppress the tender Flame ;
Mine Burns till Fortune move
Some Pity from above.

[going.]

Tham. O stay, *Eliza*, leaye me not alone,
Your Courage has dispell'd my Female Fears.

Eliza. Follow me then.

Tham. Alas ! I cannot follow !
My coward Heart betrays my great Design.

A I R.

Tham. Tell, ob tell, my Lover true,
What I, in vain should strive to say ;
Well my Heart is known to you :
It's Sentiments do you convey.
What my Soul feels, can I explain,
When all expression 'tis above,
But you know my Cause of Pain,
And know besides what 'tis to love. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Eliza. This is the royal Tent of Macedon:
Here shall I find my Love, my dear *Amintas*!

Enter Agenor.

Agen. Whither, fair Nymph?
Eliza. I hasten to the King—— [going.
Agen. (stopping her) You cannot see him now.
Eliza. Is he not there, in *Alexander's* Tent?
Agen. You to that Tent can no Admission gain.
Eliza. I go, but from *Amintas* don't conceal
My fond Impatience.
Agen. I will not conceal it.
Eliza. But say, does my *Amintas* talk of me?
Agen. He does, most tenderly.——But prithee hence.

A I R.

Eliza. Barbarian, can you see my Pain,
Thus parted from my Love,
And grant me not some Light to gain:
That may my Doubts remove.
Can you then see me so distress'd,
And yet no Pity shew,
What Heart must dwell in such a Breast
Unmov'd at so much Woe. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE IV,

Agenor, solus.

Agen. Ye Gods, in the great Heart of *Alexander*
Second my Intercession for *Ihamiris*. ——

Enter Amintas, with Guards.

Agen. But whither goes my King in so much Haste?

Amin. I thought that at a Distance I had seen *Eliza*:
Why appears she not?

Agen. She's gone,

Amin. Gone! whither? I'll overtake her. [is going.

Agen. Hold! (stops him) Sir, you must not.

Amin. How?

Agen. I say you must not.

Amin. Who dares say that? Can aught restrain a King?

Agen. Yes, his own Greatness, Justice, Virtue, Fame,
The public Good, his Conscience, and his Duty.

Amin. Thou strick'st on Truth, *Agenor*.

A Monarch's Fame lives in his People's Happiness
Desert should never go without Reward.

Peace, should with Streams of Commerce bless the Land,
And War, should Crown the Soldier's Toil with Glory.

A I R.

When Peace waves her Ensigns of Snow o'er the Land,
And Commerce approaches in Triumph the Strand,
Let the Brave to whose Valour the Prospect we owe,
Be rewarded and share in the Blessings which flow.

II.

When the Soul stirring Drum, and the Trumpet of War,
With the Clangor of Arms are banished far;
Be the Soldier remember'd who valiently fought,
Our Ease, Wealth and Pleasure his Gallantry taught.

SCENE

S C E N E . V.

Enter Alexander with Attendants.

Alex. Agenor.

Amin. Thus, noble Sir, permit me at your Feet,
To kiss that Hand which rais'd me to a Throne.

Alex. (binders him) No take a Friend's Embrace—
"Tis I'm your Debtor since to you I owe
The Pleasure to perform an Act of Justice.

Amin. Ye Gods! how shall a Shepherd fill a Throne?

Alex. By guiding, with a Shepherd's Care your People.

Amin. Heav'n grant that on the Throne
I may some Honour
Reflect both on the Giver and the Gift.

A. I. R.

Amin. Ye Gods, to me, a lowly Plant,
O give Improvement Scope
That fully I may answer, grant,
My Cultivator's Hope.

Nor let me now set in rich Land,
Forget my Native Wood,
Much less the kind parental Hand,
Whence flow'd my present Good.

[Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Alexander, Agenor.

Agen. For fair *Thamiris*, now's my Time to speak
(Aside.)

Alex. Long Intervals of Rest the Spur of Glory,
 Will not admit, to Morrow then, *Agenor*,
 After I've crown'd the King, *Sidon* I mean
 To leave; and yet unsatisfied I go
 That young *Thamiris*, like her Father should
 Distrust my Clemency and by her Flight
 Proclaim her Terrors, greatly now disturb me.

Agen. Great Sir, you yet may exercise your Goodness,
 On that deserving Object, fair *Thamiris*,
 Has only lain conceal'd, and is at Hand.

Alex. Haste, bring her to my Presence: Lose no Time.
Agen. I go. (*going*)

Alex. ---But hold! A Thought this Moment strikes me,
 It shall be so. 'Twill be a fit Alliance.
 Quick to *Thamiris*. Tell her that this Day,
 I mean to place the Crown upon her Head,
 And give her Hand to the new King.

Agen. Her Hand?

Alex. Yes, and thus, *Amintas*,
 Will mount the Throne. And yet *Thamiris* not
 Descend from her own Dignity---'Tis fixt.

Agen. Heav'n's! What a stroke of angry Fortune's
 this! (Aside.)

Alex. You turn all pale and make no Answer to me;
 How can you disapprove so just a Sentence?

A. I. R.

Alexan. If Happiness through me they gain,
 I have not conquer'd then in vain,
 'Tis o'er the Hearts I wish to Reign.
 The greatest glory I've in view,
 From Victory is good to do.

}

[Exit.]

SCENE

AENEAS AND
SCENE VII.

Agenor, *solus.*

Am I awake, or is it dire Illusion,
 That mocks my Soul--no, 'tis the Stroke of Fate,
 And all the Heavenly Pow'rs conspire my Ruin.
 And must I yield her to a Rival's Arms,
 Myself resign the blushing, blooming Maid,
 Life of my Life, and dearer than my Soul!
 The King, my Friend, my Rival! Cruel Stars,
 Why plunge me in intolerable Woe!
 Pardon me Prince, if Love asserts its Rights,
 The Lover, not Agenor, is the Rebel,
 And Life and my Thamiris twine together.

A. I. R.

Agen. *Thus the Sailor, Eyes agast,*
The Terrors of the roaring Blast,
The swelling Surge and crashing Mass,
In Death he hopes to lose his fears,
But ah! to me, no Hope appears,
To Calm my Soul, and End my Fears.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Amintas.

Amin. Where is *Eliza*? Would that I could see her.

Agen. Far other Care must now employ your Mind; You must forget *Eliza*—.

Amin. *Eliza*?—'Tis impossible.

Agen. He whom the Gods have chosen for a Throne—.

Amin. Perish ten thousand Scepters, thousand Thrones,

E'er I prove false to Constancy and Love,
E'er I forget, or am divided from her.

A I R.

Amin. When lowly on the rural Plain,
I watch'd my Fleecy care,
With Smiles she cheer'd the humble Swain,
Nor scorn'd my Vows to bear.
Shou'd Kings possess a worthless Mind,
Or bear a treach'rrous Heart?
Our Souls by Love alone were join'd,
And Death alone shall part.

Agen. Hah! 'Tis *Eliza*, let us straight retire,
In pity to yourself remain not here.
Your Presence sure, wou'd cause her instant Death,
Shou'd you, accolt her, unexpected, now,
Ere I disclose a Secret, yet conceal'd.

Amin. Her Death! My Blood runs cold; I Freeze with horror.

Agen. Let us then haste away; for once, my Lord,
Forgive the Boldness of my honest Zeal.

Agenor takes Amintas by the Hand, and is burrying him away, on one Side; while Eliza is entering on the other: But is himself stopp'd by Thamiris, who meets him, upon which they all form the following Scene.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Amentas, Agenor, Eliza, Thamiris.

Tham. Agenor, whither fly you?

Agen. Oh ye Fates!

Eliza. Amintas! Hear me.

Agen. Princess! (To *Tham.*)

Amin. My Love! (To *Eliza.*)

Tham. Is this thy Love, thus to neglect *Thamiris*?
(To *Agenor.*)

Eliza. How could you let me pine so long in absence?
(To *Amin.*)

Tham. You sigh. (To *Agenor.*)

Eliza. Why are you silent? (To *Amin.*)

Tham. But yet speak. (To *Agenor.*)

Agen. I wou'd---But cannot.

Eliza. Speak, let me entreat you. (To *Amintas.*)

Amin. I dare not.

Tham. How!

Eliza. Say, what can this import?

Agen. Too much we have to tell, alas, too much---

Leave us alone, together for a Moment,

Ah! Let us breathe in Peace our secret Woes.

Eliza. I see, I'm slighted. Yes; those alter'd looks
(To *Amintas.*)

Tell me, your Crown has robb'd me of your Heart.

Tham. What, is *Agenor* false to his *Thamiris*?

Eliza. Amintas too, ungrateful to his Love!

QUARTETTO.

Eliza to *Amin.* You mine, alas, no longer are.

Tham. to *Agen.* Ah me! Your Love must end!

C

Amin.

Amin. to *Eliza.* Oh Heav'ns, such killing Sounds
forbear.

Agen. to *Tham.* Your Words my Soul do rend.

Eliza. Have I then lost my faithful Swain?

Tham. My true Love, fled is he?

Amin. and *Agen.* My Heart is bursting with the
Pain.

All. What will become of me?

Amintas and *Agenor* go out one Way, *Eliza* and *Tha-*
miris, another.

End of the Second A C T.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The Inside of a large Grotto in a Rock.

Enter Agenor, Amintas.

Agen. O I, my King, irresolute still find you?

Amin. No.

Agen. You have then determin'd your
fixt Purpose?

Amin. I have. I'm ready.

Agen. How?

Amin. To do my Duty.

Agen. Happy Amintas; What a Store of Bliss,
Has Heav'n decreed you in your beauteous Partner?
She's worthy the Affections of a Monarch.Amin. I know her worth, Agenor; nor would take
A Throne without her Lustre to adorn it.

A I R.

Amin. Husband, indeed, and Lover too,
From Faith I ne'er will swerve,
 But constantly with Ardor true,
My Heart for her preserve.
 And justly too, for while She's kind,
My Soul that's all her own,
No Sov'reign Joy, no Bliss, can find,
Except in her alone.

Omitted in the Performance.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Agenor, *solus.*

Agen. At length, I to my Sighs may give a Vent,
And pour at ease my bursting Heart. O Heav'ns!
Dearest Thamiris! Must I lose you thus?

SCENE

SCENE III.

Eliza, Agenor.

Eliza. Hear me, *Agenor*, I'm alarm'd, distracted!
What can these idle Tales, these Rumours mean,
That, on this Day, the Nuptials of *Amintas*
Are with *Thamiris* fixt? I'll ne'er believe it.

Agen. Alas! it is no Fiction, fair *Eliza*,
It is too True ---

Eliza. No---'tis impossible,
You must have been deceiv'd. Whence know you
this?

Agen. Ev'n from himself.

Eliza. And is *Amintas* false?

Agen. Your Grief, Fair Nymph,
Is just, but unavailing. Pray, take Comfort.

Eliza. Comfort to me? Alas! Even Hope has left
me.

To *Alexander*, to Mankind, to Heav'n,
I will for Favour, Pity, Justice, cry.

A I R.

Eliza. I from my Shepherd e'er part!

O no, forbid it, Love!
He cannot have so hard a Heart,
My Death t'would surely prove.
While then another has my Swain,
You bid me comfort take;
And with false Pity of my Pain,
A cruel Sport you make.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Thamiris, Agenor.

Tbam. Agenor!*Agen.* O Assist me Heav'ns!*Tbam.* To you, (*Ironically*)To you, it seems, Agenor, is *Tbamiris*,
Indebted for a Kingdom.*Agen.* 'Tis to you the Kingdom stands indebted for
Acceptance.

A I R.

Tbam. If you yourself give me away ;
 And in another's Arms enthrall me,
 In what am I to blame I pray ?
 Why do you cruel call me ?
 My Patience your Example be ;
 Who, left, don't yet complain,
 Nor offer to insult, you see,
 And call your faithless Swain. Exit.

Tbam. Why the great News not bring to me yourself? (*Ironically.*)*Agen.* The sight of that fair Face might have seduc'd

Me from my Duty.---Mighty Queen, farewell.

Tbam. Yet hear one Word.*Agen.* I must not hear you Speak.

D U E T T O.

Agen. ---Adieu, my Queen! Remember me,
 When in your happy Days ;*Tbam.* What of this Haste the Cause may be,
 Does much my Wonder raise.*Agen.* The Cause too well you know.*Tbam.* Agenor say not so.*Agen.* } Together. } To slay would be my Death,
Tbam. } Why should it be your Death?

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Palace of Alexander.

Amidst the loud Harmony of a Martial Air, Alexander enters, Agenor and Thamiris preceded by Macedonian Commanders and the Nobility of Sidon. After all have entered and arranged themselves properly, one of the Sidonian Noblemen steps forward, addressing himself both to the Macedonian Commanders and Sidonian Nobles.

— M A R C H —

C H O R U S.

*Long live great Hero, to expand
O'er vanquish'd Worlds thy dread Command;
While Tyrants conquer to destroy,
'Tis thou diffusest Peace and Joy!
Sidon this Day, extolls thy Name,
Enlarg'd her Bliss as is thy Fame!*

D U E T T O.

Agen. & } { *Her lateſt Annals ſhall display*
Tham. } { *Tby Virtues equal to tby Sway.*

Chorus da Capo.

Alex. With conſcious Pleaſure I receive the Honour
Which your Applauſes give for my Well-doing.

AIR.

A I R.

*Propitious Heav'ns ! who're pleas'd each Day,
 Fresh Laurels to impart ;
 Second, moreo'er, I ardent pray,
 Th' impulses of my Heart !
 If I a Star of Glory blaze,
 Rais'd by your Pow'r divine ;
 O grant that of such Star the Rays,
 For gen'ral good may Shine !*

Alex. But whence comes this Delay ?
 The Sun apace declines, why does not the new King
 appear ?

Where is Thamiris ?.

Tham. At your Royal Feet.

Alex. Are you the Princess ?

Tham. Whom you seek am I.

Agen. This, Sir, is she.

Tham. In me do you behold

A Debtor to your Worth.

[to Alexander.

Alex. The Deed itself

Is it's Reward to me.

Tham. Agenor, Sir,

Has to his Love preferr'd my Greatness.

Alex. You lov'd her then ?

[to Agenor.

Agen. Hear her, then think if justly I the Throne
 Could of a Soul so great deprive.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Eliza, and throws herself at Alexander's Feet.

Eliza. Justice, Sir, Justice ! Pity ! and Protection !

Alex. [raising her] Rise, beauteous Maid, and freely
tell your Wrongs.

Eliza. I am *Eliza*,
Come to implore from *Alexander's* Hands
Redress for Injuries, a Heart oppres'd !

Alex. But against whom complain you ?

Eliza. Against thee.

Alex. Against me, how ?
Say how have I ever wrong'd you.

Eliza. Of my Quiet :
My every Good ; I live but in *Amintas*,
And 'tis *Amintas*, that you wou'd force from me.

Alex. *Amintas* !

Eliza. Yes, from Infancy our Hearts
Have been united — Yes, his Heart is mine
By long Possession, and by plighted Faith.

Alex. It was the Swain *Amintas* gave his Heart.
The King *Amintas* wou'd disdain to give it.

SCENE

SCENE THE LAST.

Just as Alexander has spoken these last Words, enters Amintas, overbearing him. He is dress'd in his Shepherd's Habit, and follow'd by Shepherds, who bring in the Crown, &c. &c.

Amin. Sir, I am Amintas, and a Swain still:

Alex. How!

Amin. These Marks of Royalty see at your Feet.
Still in my Shepherd's Garb, I joyfully to my
Poor Flock and my lost Peace return.

Alex. Is not Thamiris then—

Amin. Thamiris, Sir,
Of a King's Heart is worthy, but Eliza
Chose me when I was but a Shepherd, Sir,
And now a King, I ought not to abandon her.

A I R.

*Vows of Love will ever bind,
Men who are to Honour true;
They possess a Savage Mind
Who deny the Fair their due.
Scorn'd, detested may I be,
When I from Eliza part;
Thrones and regal Dignity
Can't corrupt my faithful Heart.*

Alex. Such gen'rous Lovers, Alexander never
Will separate; here, Amintas, do you take
The fair Eliza; and do you Thamiris
Reward Agenor's Constancy and Faith.

[to Amintas and Eliza.]

In Sidon, your own Country, you shall reign.

Agen. & Tham. O truly great!

Amin. & Eliza. O nobly just!

AIR.

A I R.

Eliza. Transporting Joy! elate my Mind!
 Who can their Bliss compare,
 With that this Hero has assign'd
 To be our copious share?
 Ye Powers divine, Oh, lend me aid,
 My grateful Heart to bew;
 If Gifts so great can be repaid
 I pray to teach me how!

Alex. But now
 At length, let Sidon see her Sovereign crown'd.

Amin. What in this Garb?

Alex. Yes, in that Garb ! 'tis likely,
 Not by meer Chance, has Heaven so ordain'd it,
 That you should wear, just at this Point of Time,
 What, mystically, may perhaps portend
 The happy Tenour of your future Reign;
 A ROYAL SHEPHERD is a Nation's Blessing !

C H O R U S.

Though from a Cottage to a Throne,
 Amintas mounts by Heav'n's high will;
 Unalter'd, may be yet be known,
 And be the ROYAL SHEPHERD still.

T H E E N D.

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Причины и условия
развития национального
и политического сознания
народов Азии и Африки
и их влияния на
всемирное движение
в борьбе за свободу и независимость

Башкирский национальный союз
Союз национальных меньшинств
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Союз национальных меньшинств
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